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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



SHE HAS BEEN THERE BEFORE.

DAME EUROPE.—That rainbow may mean that we are n't going to have any more storm; but I'm keeping my umbrella up, all the same!



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHERE IS THE Republican party? We knew well enough where it was in 1860 and through the troublous years that followed; but where is it now? When we looked for it then, we found it where Lincoln, Sumner, Seward and Stanton led. Where are we to look for it now? Is it in Ohio, where Governor Foraker wails and raves, crying out that he has been snubbed by the President whom he insulted, and that only the utter annihilation of the Democratic party will wipe out the stain? Is it going about the land with John Sherman talking peace in the South and war in the North? Is it with Mr. Ingalls, who gets himself interviewed for a popular magazine, in order to vent his spite against the chief magistrate? Is it with Mr. Edmunds, obstructing the business of the national Senate, so as to cause annoyance to the nation's President? We ask, in all seriousness, where is it? Surely it is fair to judge of a party by its leaders. There was never any doubt of the men who led the party twenty-five years ago. We knew their aims, their purposes, what they were doing, and what they had to do. They stood for their party, and they had principles to uphold.

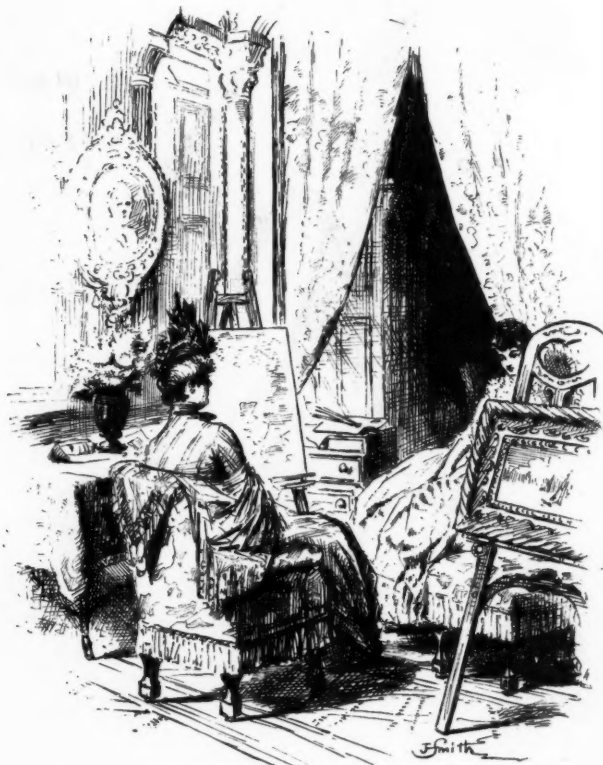
Can we say the same of any of the men who to-day ask us to put the Republican party back into power? Let us see what they have found to say for themselves of late years. At the last general election they told us that we must not choose a Democratic president because he would pay pensions to rebel veterans; because he would take them away from Union soldiers; because he would alter all our revenue laws, and cripple our manufacturing industries; because he would compensate southern slaveholders for the loss of their slaves; because he would make it impossible for the negro to vote; because he would undo all the good work done by the Republican party, and ruin the business of the whole country. Well, we chose a Democratic president, and took the awful responsibility of the act. What has come to pass of all these horrors?

Business is good; the laws and institutions of the country remain pretty much as they were, except for the fact that we have the beginning of a navy, which we had not under Republican rule; the negro still votes when he feels like it, and when election-time affords him an opportunity; no attempt has yet been made to reimburse the Southerners who lost their slaves; the manufacturing interests of the country seem to be about where they were in 1884, and the revenue laws remain unchanged; the Union soldiers still draw their pensions, and the evil-minded Democratic President has signed more pension-bills than any one of his predecessors; the only pension-bill passed for the benefit of confederate ex-soldiers has been passed by Republicans, and the national government has shown no inclination to pay out one cent for any such purpose—and, in fact, we have found that every one of these prophecies was a bare, nonsensical falsehood. And now, when the question comes up once more, what have the Republican leaders to say against our re-electing a Democratic President? Well, the same things over again, of course. And what then? Well, the battle-flags. What about the battle-flags? Why, an officious adjutant-general proposed to return to their original owners certain flags, captured in battle from the rebels, which the Republicans had left for twenty years rotting in a store-room. The President gave his sanction to the proposition, and withdrew it when objection was made. Yes, that is all. And then? Why, the snub. What snub? Governor Foraker's snub. Mr. Joseph B. Foraker took advantage of the incident just related to offer a most gross and gratuitous insult to the President, and subsequently, with delicate tact, presented himself at a reception given to the President, who received him with perceptible coldness, and wholly without enthusiasm. And further? Well, the President has made mistakes in appointing men to office. And that is really the sum and substance of all they have to say.

It is hard to believe that they think they are talking to sensible, intelligent men. What childish arguments are these! The President has made mistakes in appointing men to office! What president has not made such mistakes; what president will not make such mistakes, until man-

kind puts on the garments of perfection? And is it for the Republican party to complain of a president who makes mistakes in his choice of men? Who appointed to office such men as Robeson, Williams, Belknap and the rest of the "ring" swindlers? And in choosing a man for president of a free nation, does it really affect your judgement that he holds different opinions from yours as to the proper disposition of the trophies of civil war? Charles Sumner held that all relics of internecine strife should be destroyed. Does any one doubt Sumner's patriotism? And do you expect a self-respecting man to shake hands with those who insult him? Dearly beloved brethren, plain citizens of this great republic, these professional politicians care nothing for you or for the country's good, or for anything but their trade, which is office-getting—and a sorry trade it is. They will tell you anything that you will believe; they will appeal to the weakest side of your nature; they will rouse your passions in any way they can, and they will do it to get your votes, and for no other reason. This very John Sherman, who is to-day so deeply solicitous for the welfare of the negro, was, a generation ago, just as solicitous to keep his skirts clear of abolitionism. He is but a type of his class. You ought to know this, and yet you let these men talk to you, and tell you palpable lies, and stir you up to irrational anger over the most contemptible and insignificant differences of opinion. You will get tired of it all, some day—tired of quarreling with your neighbor because a politician tells you that the country is going to the dogs if your party does n't stay in office; tired of supporting the politician with the money you earn in honest business. And then you will wonder how you could ever have been such a fool.

Only a little while ago, so lately in fact that even a Blaineite might remember it if he tried, Uncle Cyrus wanted money, and he wanted it the worst way. Who helped him in his need? Who but good Mr. Gould? Uncle Cyrus got the cash he needed, and he does n't have to pay so much rent in the safe deposit vault as he used to. Kind Mr. Gould will see that the certificates for about fifty thousand shares of Manhattan stock are not lost or stolen. Since the day when he came to the aid of Uncle Cyrus, this thoughtful man has done many incidental deeds of benevolence which must go unnoticed here, and the other day he relieved poor Mr. Garrett of all further anxiety about his troublesome telegraph. Mr. Garrett was very grateful when he heard what had been done for him, and at once unloaded most of his other cares. Life is simplified for the rest of us, too, by Mr. Gould's last (\$3,900,000) beneficence. When we have a telegram to send we will no longer have to wonder how much we might save by hunting up a B. & O. office.



NOT HIS FAULT.

MISS ETHEL.—Mr. Bloomer called upon you night before last?

MISS CLARA.—Yes; he is delightful! But he stayed so late!

MISS ETHEL (with a slight cough).—Yes; he told me that it was twelve o'clock before he could get away.

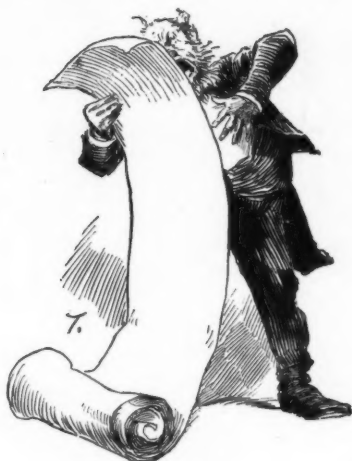


## THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY.

*As Described by the Special Correspondent of the "Daily War Issue."*

## A WESTERN STATESMAN INSULTED.

IT WAS only at the earnest solicitation of his managers—we use the term deliberately—that the President was induced to continue his trip and carry out the programme arranged for him before he started. As I told

*"Read an address."*

you in my last letter, he failed to make a pleasant impression on the citizens of St. Louis, and since his departure there has been a good deal of ominous talk in regard to a little incident which seems to have escaped the notice of the bought-and-paid-for scribes of the Associated Press, who have accompanied the Executive on his journey. During the trip down the river, a committee of prominent Missourians surrounded the President, while one of their number, the Hon. Hezekiah Graball, read an address, calling attention to the necessity for an appropriation of twenty million dollars to enable St. Louis to keep pace with her rival, Chicago. He had been reading but a little more than an hour-and-a-half, and was just warming up to his subject, when

he noticed the President's head sink forward on his breast, and heard distinctly a long-drawn snore. The members of the committee were so busy keeping the other excursionists at bay that they failed to notice this act of discourtesy until their attention was directed to it by the astounded leader, who at once rolled up his manuscript and walked away to a distant part of the boat. It was noticed that he treated the President with marked coldness during the remainder of the trip. Mr. Graball is one of the most distinguished statesmen in the West. During his term as Congressman he secured for his constituents the famous half-million appropriation for improving the creeks in Pike County.

## CHILLED AND DISHEARTENED.

It was with feelings of positive relief that the President took leave of the great city of Chicago. The cold and perfunctory nature of the welcome accorded him there chilled and disheartened him, while the indignation aroused by his unfortunate speech did not increase his popularity. It is well known that he spoke

*"I shall hold Mr. Cleveland responsible."*

in disparaging terms of the Chicago fire as "one of the greatest conflagrations the world has ever known," and that he understated the loss on that occasion by fully one million of dollars. Altogether, the reception committee were only too glad when the time came for them to speed the parting guest.

## HONORING AN INIQUITOUS TRAFFIC.

There was a small gathering in the station when the special train reached Milwaukee, and the disgust of the reputable citizens may be imagined when it is recorded that among the members of the committee of welcome was a man who was once part owner of one of the largest distilleries in the West. It was noticed that Mr. Cleveland, ignoring this man's antecedents, shook hands with him, and said he was happy to meet him. This was done in the presence of several thousand people, the station being crowded at the time to its fullest capacity.

## MORE CRIMES TO ANSWER FOR.

A leading clergyman, in commenting on his action, said: "I shall not be surprised to see an enormous increase in drunkenness here during the next few weeks, and I, for one, shall hold Mr. Cleveland directly re-

sponsible for it. Oh, why did we invite him to come to this once happy city to desolate our homes, to make widows and orphans, and spread ruin and squalor and desolation where once all was bright and joyous?"

The solemn words of this pious man made a deep impression on all who heard him, and the fact is now generally admitted that the President has alienated from his party every vestige of respectability that it hitherto enjoyed.

*"Her sudden demise."*

## MORTALITY AMONG LIVE-STOCK.

A curious fact has been noticed in connection with the presidential trip, and has already been made the subject of editorial comment in the *Weekly Slab*, one of the most influential journals in Northern Wisconsin. Other journals throughout the State have, for some reason not fully explained, failed to give due prominence to this significant occurrence, or else it has mysteriously escaped their usually acute and omnipresent newsgatherers. While the special train was passing through Racine, a cow belonging to a highly respected Republican farmer fell dead in a field near the railroad track. The animal was well known in Racine, where she had resided for fifteen years, and her sudden demise has occasioned a great deal of significant comment. It is recalled by some of the older inhabitants of the town that on the occasion of Mr. Blaine's visit in 1880 she gave birth to a calf, and there has been a Republican majority in Racine ever since. There have been many other cases of frightful mortality among Republican livestock at various points along the route of the President, and the effect on the farmers' vote will probably be noticeable in November.

## COMMERCIAL INTERESTS SUFFER.

It may have been because of the rumors of these disasters, possibly it was on account of Mr. Cleveland's previous record as a sham reformer and political trickster, but certainly there was very little interest taken in his visit by the citizens of Milwaukee. On the contrary, there has been a great deal of grumbling on account of the interruption of business caused by the enormous throngs of people along the route of the parade. The hotels have been crowded to an uncomfortable degree, and respectable Republican citizens have been compelled to wait half-an-hour in the principal saloons before the bar-keeper could get a chance to serve them. All this will not tend to increase the President's popularity in Wisconsin.

Madison was the next stopping-place, and there was quite a gathering in the station when the train rolled in. There were very few strangers in town, and it is stated that a number of citizens went into the country to pass the day rather than encourage with their presence the attempt of the party leaders to make political capital out of the presidential reception. The procession started after a tedious delay, due to the difficulty experienced by the police in clearing a passage through the densely crowded streets, and while the visitors were waiting in the station they held an impromptu reception, shaking hands with those who crowded about them. One old lady attempted to embrace the President in a motherly way; but Mr. Cleveland resented her civility in such a brusque and rude manner that she retired with the significant remark that if the women ever gained the right of suffrage she knew whom she would vote for. It is supposed by far-seeing politicians that she referred to Mr. Blaine, who is unquestionably a great favorite with the gentler sex in Wisconsin.

J. L. Ford.

*"She knew whom she would vote for."*



WE HATE to knock the stuffing out of a picturesque old superstition, and we don't wish to deny that there is such a thing as a banshee—but are not the cats in Ireland strongly affected by the holy calm of the night? That's the way with them in these parts.

SHE SIGHED: "I cast thee on this stream,  
O leaf, wend thou thy way to him,  
Tell him I haunt this trysting 'spot."  
The leaf said: "I'd as leaf as not."

A NEW PETROLEUM SPRING has been tapped at Balakahn, Russia. It gushes five thousand barrels a day, and George Francis Train is thinking about succumbing to the competition and resuming his silence.

WE UNDERSTAND that they build good docks in Scotland. Why don't they use them to tie up their yachts to?

SOON WILL come the cooler season  
When car-windows all must drop,  
And the car-stove, when the car's stove,  
Will come out on top.

JUST AT PRESENT the leaves of Nature are becoming dog-eared.

IT IS ALL well enough to ridicule base-ball; but the clubs and players are so conscientiously managed that we would be better off with the government in the same hands, as we should have the satisfaction of seeing those of merit retained, and the incompetent released.

"DID N'T YOU find it difficult to exist on ice-moss in the Arctic?" asked the searcher for information.

"Why, bless your heart, no!" replied the traveler: "You remember that I passed a month at a Mamaroneck boarding-house in the flat-fish season, just before I left.

BENEATH THIS STUMP sleeps William Betts,  
A dentist famed and great;  
He laid his money on the "Mets"—  
Hence his untimely fate;  
No more he'll make five-dollar sets  
Of false teeth, while you wait.

IN THE RACE for the League Pennant, the Indianapolis club is last. It is also least.

MAN PROPOSES; but the girl disposes.

A WATER-SPOUT in Montana  
Drowned a thousand sheep and lambs,  
And sadly sighed the owner:  
"Had they been hydraulic rams!"

IF JOHN BULL wants to get even with us for the many defeats he has received at our hands in yachting, he ought to send his navy over to compete with ours.

IN THE FIRST PLACE—The Detroit.

FROM ALL we hear regarding the great advance in the price of coal, it seems possible that a man will have to give bonds before he can get the position of driver.

THE SUSPENSE of the murderer should end in suspension. Chicago papers please copy.

AS IT GENERALLY takes two days to play a game of cricket, it seems perfectly clear that that game should find its most powerful exponents in England and Philadelphia.

A MAN NAMED Gent has been running foot races in England, and our joy threatens to be fatal. The word has reached its proper level at last.

IT TAKES an up-country judge to have doubts. Up-country judges have n't much else, as a rule.

TIME is really in the hands of the clock.

IT WOULD no doubt be a hard blow to Temperance to learn that Neptune was a hard drinker.

WE ARE ALL fortune-tellers. That is, we can tell a fortune when we see it.

BOSTON FURNISHED the boat; but it must not be overlooked that New York furnished the wind and water.

## ICE-COLD CHEEK.



GENTLEMANLY BURGLAR.—Did you lose a pair of breeches out of your room, last night?

HOTEL GUEST.—Yes; and I've just sent out for another pair.

BURGLAR.—That's good; but I wish you'd tell me who made these for you? I wan'ter take 'm down an' get 'm lengthened!

## THE ONE EXCEPTION.

"Well, Jedge, what do you think of the President by this time?" inquired Colonel Applejack of Virginia, of Judge Ambidexter of Cincinnati: "He's got the hull country with him, hain't he?"

"Not quite so sure about that," responded the Judge.

"How so?" rejoined the Colonel: "What does he lack of it?"

"A little Foraker lot out in Ohio, with a natural-gas well on it," suggested the Judge, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

And the statesmen disappeared behind a neighboring screen to celebrate the joke.

## WHAT PAINED HIM MOST.

"Kicked you out, did he?" sympathized a friend with a walking-delegate who had found himself suddenly projected to the side-walk in front of a manufacturing establishment.

"Yes; but that was n't the worst of it."

"No?"

"What pains me most is the fact that the boot he kicked me with was n't union-made."

WHISKEY is so cheap in Tuscaloosa that they fill lamps with it. We publish this item in a purely philanthropic spirit, at the suggestion of a White Plains citizen. He tells us that Westchester County is over-populated, and that emigration ought to be encouraged.

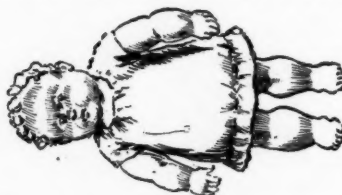
CUSTOMER.—Take these oysters away; they're too old to eat!

WAITER.—Them's Blue Points!

CUSTOMER.—Blue Points? Not much; they're Hunter's Points!

A SEWING MACHINE MAN, who has just got into jail for swindling widows, now knows the difference between the lock-stitch and the lock-step.

## READER, ARE YOU A HAPPY FATHER?



A baby's rubber doll with a squeaking apparatus inside is a harmless and interesting toy—



—but when a barefooted man steps on it in a dark room, the suggestion of a large and vociferous rat is simply blood-curdling.



## HOW HE DOES IT.

FOLLOWING MY card bearing my name as "Editor of the *Gossip*," I was ushered into the library, where I found the subject of this interview.

In reality the distinguished author, our city's visitor, is thirty-five years of age, though from his appearance one would judge him to be probably between thirty and forty. As I entered, he rose with a characteristic graciousness which made a welcome change in the usual brusqueness of his manner, and bade me be seated. I took the offered chair, sat down, and, beginning to talk together, we were soon engaged in conversation. Many matters of importance came out during the interview, but it was in such strict confidence he told me the following that I can not but think the public will be especially interested in it:

"As one of the foremost literary men of any age, if not of the century," I said: "you must be in constant receipt of MSS. from young or unknown authors, with requests for detailed criticism."

He snapped his fingers nervously. "I thought that was a laid ghost," he said.

Seeing that the subject was distasteful to him, I immediately pursued it, in the hope of arriving at some interesting, perhaps even painful revelation. And, presently, though at first with great hesitation, he told me what I will here set down. As he proceeded, the pride he felt in his invention seemed to displace all other considerations.

"I get such MSS. and such requests very often. I used to trouble myself about them—sometimes upbraiding myself for an entire day for my neglect in not taking a week or so to comply with the wishes of some particular genius. I had read that it was utter folly for an author to attempt to tax himself to answer these requests, and not having had any experience, I supposed that it was true. But after a year or two I found that I could not tax myself *not* to answer them. They weighed on my mind. And when a young author found his request not attended to he would repeat it, and afterward send some requests to be informed why his first requests had been neglected. But I hit upon a plan which has rid me of all trouble. I answer the young writers now. When they ask for an opinion they get it."

"But the time that it must require—the enemies you must make—"

"On the contrary, it takes far less time than any other method, and I make only friends."

"I can scarcely understand it—"

"It is the acme of simplicity. Suppose that this morning I get a pile of MS. as large—say as large as a trunk. Instead of leaving it about to torment me, or paying return-postage with a non-committal note which is the plan some men pursue, but which would make me an enemy for life, I sit right down when I am feeling too stupid for any thing else, and say:

"Dear Sir: I wish to thank you most warmly for the acute pleasure given me by your story: 'Lish Judson's Pippin.' I have read it several times with the keenest enjoyment; but before I read it again I must take a moment to express my unqualified opinion that you are the rising novelist of the age."

"Or, I say the 'rising humorist,' or 'rising poet,' as the general appearance and size of the MS. may suggest. It is a great scheme."

"But—" I began.

"I know what your objections will be; but I have canvassed the possibilities, and find that my plan is flawless. The young author will do one of three or four things. Perhaps, spurred on by my letter, he will work with wonderful vigor. This will not fatigue me at all. If he is non-successful, he will remain in obscurity, my opinion will never be heard of; and as for the young author himself, he will believe only that he is not keeping up to his standard, or that I am the sole man on earth with sufficient genius to understand him. If he is successful, every thing connected with him, especially with his earlier struggles, will become important; my letter will be published, and the penetration that I evinced will redound to my credit. But suppose that the young man is not spurred on, that he rests on his oars, and contents himself with what he has already achieved; this again will not disturb my tranquillity. If he shows the letter, people that do not know him will find nothing strange in it, and his intimate friends will regard it as a huge joke, and laugh in their sleeves. In any case I am secure; I can't lose, and I may win."

"Ha, ha! Certainly a most ingenious plan," I said: "I wish we had had such a genius as yourself on the staff of our paper to attend to the—ha, ha!—the spring poets. By the way, now that you are in our city, I must send you a copy of the *Gossip*, and get your opinion of it."

He rose for some purpose, and thinking this a convenient time to leave, I took advantage of his rising to rise also. He seemed to grasp my motive, murmured something about a journalist's time being of great value, and, shaking me cordially by the hand, allowed me to depart. On returning to the office, I sent, not the copy I had promised, but the entire last year's file of the *Gossip*. This was but yesterday, and we are already in receipt of the following flattering note:

"Dear Sir:—I wish to thank you most warmly for the acute pleasure given me by the file of the '*Gossip*.' I have read it several times with the keenest enjoyment, but before reading it again, I must take a moment to express my unqualified opinion that you are the rising journalist of the age."

Certainly, there is not a more genial gentleman nor a more discriminating scholar among living writers.

Williston Fish.



## EMULATION.

Mrs. STRIPPAGH.—Lawrence!!!

Mr. STRIPPAGH.—Don't speak with such Krupp-gun severity, Agnes! You've been pretty popular this last season; and if leaving off a few things and turning my coat upside down will do it, I'm going to get into the swim myself!

## A SUNDAY EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

STRANGER (noticing a big crowd in front of the Academy of Music, to a bystander).—What's going on there, this evening?

FIRST BYSTANDER.—They are playing "A Dark Secret."

SECOND BYSTANDER.—No they ain't—there's a meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society.

FIRST BYSTANDER.—Well, ain't that A Dark Secret?

THERE ARE those who believe that Citizen Train would make a good Emigrant Train.

A PROMINENT ARCHITECT of this city has recently given up business and retired to the country. He is young, talented, energetic, and a master of his profession; but the question plugged at him by a female client was too much for him. She asked him why he did n't divulge his plans.

## AMATEUR SURGERY.



BROGAN.—Phwat's gone wrong wid yez, Dinis?

HARITY.—Oi hev a binion on me fut. It's t'ree days sinche Oi wurked.



BROGAN.—Oi'll soon fix ic fer vez. Oi hev th' shtuff in me can.



HARITY.—B-r-r-b-r-ow-wow!

BROGAN.—Run like the divil, Dinny! It's a bhlast Oi pit in!

## THE YOUNG MAN WITH THE CHESTNUT BELL.

"SPEAKING ABOUT wonderful recoveries of lost property," remarked McCorkle: "reminds me of how a second-cousin of mine lost a valuable watch-charm five years ago, while fishing in Chartier's Creek, near Pittsburgh."

"It was principally valuable on account of the memories associated with it, was n't it?" asked the young man with the chestnut bell: "Had been left to its owner as a legacy by a deceased aunt, had n't it?"

"Why, yes, so it had," replied McCorkle in a surprised tone: "but how do you know?"

"Oh, that's the way with all those lockets," explained the smart young man, with a knowing look directed at the company.

"Yes," admitted McCorkle: "it had been given her by an aunt to whom she was devotedly attached; but it was intrinsically valuable, also."

"Certainly," again interrupted the young man with the chestnut bell: "and equally, of course, the most careful search was made for the missing jewelry, but without avail."

"Yes; you've got that right, too," said McCorkle: "Have you ever heard me tell this story before?"

"Oh, no; but that is a way these things have when they lose themselves. They are very successful hidlers."

"Well," resumed McCorkle: "nothing was heard of that watch-charm until last summer, when my cousin and I happened to be fishing in the same place—"

"When the young lady remarked: 'Cousin John, do you remember my losing a watch-charm here the last time we were fishing?'"

"Well," said McCorkle, a little impatiently: "as you seem to know this story as well as I, suppose you tell it."

"Oh, no," replied the young man, magnanimously: "go ahead."

"So you did," I replied: "but I had forgotten it until you spoke."

"Did n't you ask her if it would n't be funny if you should find it that day in one of the fish that you should catch?" anticipated the young man with the chestnut bell.

"Precisely," said McCorkle.

"And she said: 'Nonsense; and you told her you had heard of such cases.'"

"Yes, you have it all straight; but I regret exceedingly that you did not take up the story when I told you to."

"O, don't mention it! You then resolved to cut open the first fish you caught, to see if it had swallowed the charm and had been patiently waiting in the vicinity ever since to restore it to its owner."

"No levity, young man," admonished McCorkle: "for this is a true story."

"They all are," said the smart young man.

"Yes, we did agree to open the first fish caught," proceeded McCorkle.



HARITY (two weeks later).—Here's till yez, John. Shure Oi hev no toe an me right fut now; but be th' sem token Oi hev no binion, nayther! It's the foine dochter yez are!

"Of course, you had n't the slightest expectation of finding the charm," again interrupted the young man.

"Not the slightest," assented McCorkle: "but just then my cousin's line was jerked. A heavy fish had swallowed the bait, and after a few minutes' play a fine perch was lifted into the boat which looked as if he might be several years old."

"All nervous and apprehensive you proceeded to hold a post-mortem examination on the fish," went on the young man, still blazing the way.

"We did—that is, I did—while my cousin looked on with the greatest interest. With one pass of my knife I laid the fish open, and there—"

"And there, somewhat tarnished, but otherwise as valuable as ever, lay the long-lost charm," explained the young man, bringing the narrative to a close.

"And there," proceeded McCorkle, not noticing the interruption: "was nothing in the jewelry line aboard." Wm. H. Siviter.

SHOEMAKERS MAY DIE, but it is n't proper to say that they breathe their last. You can't be too careful when using the English language. It was n't made to jump on.

## LEGISLATING A MILLENNIUM IN.

LABOR REFORMER.—O, we're getting along finely. All we want is more laws!

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHER.—More laws, eh?

L. R.—Yes, sir. We want laws to regulate the relations between capital and labor.

A. P.—That's not very definite.

L. R.—So a capitalist will have to pay big wages, you know.

A. P.—And thus increase the cost of his products.

L. R.—O, we've got that all figured out. We're going to have laws to fix the price of the products, too!

A. P.—Not leave him any margin, eh?

L. R.—Don't care whether he has any margin or not.

A. P.—Suppose men with money won't invest it in enterprises under those laws, what then?

L. R.—We'll repeal all laws which give them any chance to live on the interest. You see, there's a great principle at stake.

A. P.—Perhaps; but he can live very comfortably on his principal. Can you live on yours?

L. P.—If we can't, we'll repeal more laws.

A. P.—That will be very necessary. Shall I tell you which law you will have to repeal first?

L. P.—I wish you would.

A. P.—The law of supply and demand.



## FAR CRY.

*The Republican Waileth for James  
because He is Not.*

OH, JEMMY, dearest Jemmy, what a tale  
is this to tell!  
The great Republican's become a lahdy  
dahdy swell;  
You've forgot the Constitution, but your  
coat's the mould of form,  
While your old companions, Mr. Blaine, are  
weathering the storm.

It is pleasant of a morning, when occupation  
fails,

To sit and sip the waters with your friend,  
the Prince of Wales;

To put your hand upon his knee and convert him if you can;  
Do ye know what he is doing? He's just pumping you, my man.

While you're hobnobbing with princes, while you lead the British "ton,"  
Has it ever struck you, darling, how the time's a-going on?  
Have you thought of the Convention—that the primaries are near?  
And whom are we poor Reps. to run, if Jemmy is n't here?

What is Sherman but a shadow? What's Lincoln but a ghost?  
Why, the Mugwumps all are laughing, like that precious Boston Post!  
What's Foraker?—a lunatic defying all analysis!  
What's Fairchild but a simple curse embodied in paralysis?

Have you heard how Cleveland's scoring all along of Mrs. K.?  
He hit the golden centre, Jemmy, that time, any way;  
She'll boom the second term, you bet! Of that there's not a doubt.  
If you're so slack upon your pins, you'll find your work cut out.

I've worked the pension racket in your favor, Jim, of course;  
I've bawled about the battle flags until I'm fairly hoarse;  
But still I find, from all folks hint, that whatso'er I do,  
It's Grover gets there every time, while they don't think much  
of you.

We know you love the land of lords and high societee,  
But we're not wholly destitute of titled companee;  
We've got a somewhat dingy duke, a dusky prince or two—  
Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy, *don't* you think that you could make  
these do?

O, come and fish for Irish votes! O, come and fight for rum!  
O, come and wave the bloody shirt, my darling Jemmy, come!  
Preach that each man should live at ease amid a nation's  
thanks,

Whose grandmother's first cousin scratched a finger in the  
ranks.

Absence, you say, makes hearts grow fond; perhaps that may  
be true;

But, then, I'd stay away for good, my Jem, if I were you;  
For if you don't come back right smart, one thing is pretty  
plain:

It's all up with Republicans, my gentle Jemmy Blaine.



## AN OBLIGING CHILD.

EDITH (to NURSE).—  
Papa says that such a big  
family of girls distresses  
him, and he wishes he  
had a boy.

NURSE. — What are  
you going to do?

EDITH.—I'm going to  
ring for a boy!

## A FINE COMPLIMENT.

MR. WAYBACK, who was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Cleveland recently, was asked what his sensations were when he saw the first lady of the land.

"Well, sir," he said enthusiastically: "I felt jest like puttin' on a collar an' slickin' up a bit!"

A FRENCHMAN who is a professional natator calls himself a human fish; but a newspaper man, who was greatly pleased with his aquatic feats, thinks he ought to be known as the mansardine.

LEAVES have their time to fall, and so have stocks.

IN DELAWARE the cat seems to have nine tails as well as nine lives. And it is a subject of metaphysical speculation whether the culprit thinks most of a base-ball nine or the Muses.

A GAME OF FOOT-BALL is never considered a success when it is as bloodless as a Kentucky duel.

LATIN HAS ROOTS, so has the hog. Now Ignatius Donnelly ought to be able to prove that Bacon is the inventor of hog Latin.

THE WIND bloweth whither it listeth, and nowadays, apparently, whither somebody else weather-strippeth.



## WORDS AND THEIR USES.

DICKY (*blowing off his Boston cousin*).—Will you have the celery dressed, Dorothy?

DOROTHY.—Thank you, no. I prefer it—r-r-r—nude!

## WHAT "P. P. C." MEANS.

"Found out at last!" ejaculated Colonel Applejack.

"Found out what?" inquired Judge Ambidexter.

"Why, the meanin' of them letters on the President's car, 'P. P. C.' Give us a guess on it!"

"Well, over in Delaware, where the car came from, they thought it stood for 'Poor Peach Crop.'"

"That ain't it!"

"President Pays Cash?"

"No."

"People's Pet Candidate?"

"No."

"Partisan Principles Caved-in?"

"Nary time."

"Give it up, then."

"Nothin' more nor less than 'Prize Package Car,' responded the Colonel: "that's the way the Democrats read it all along the line. See?"

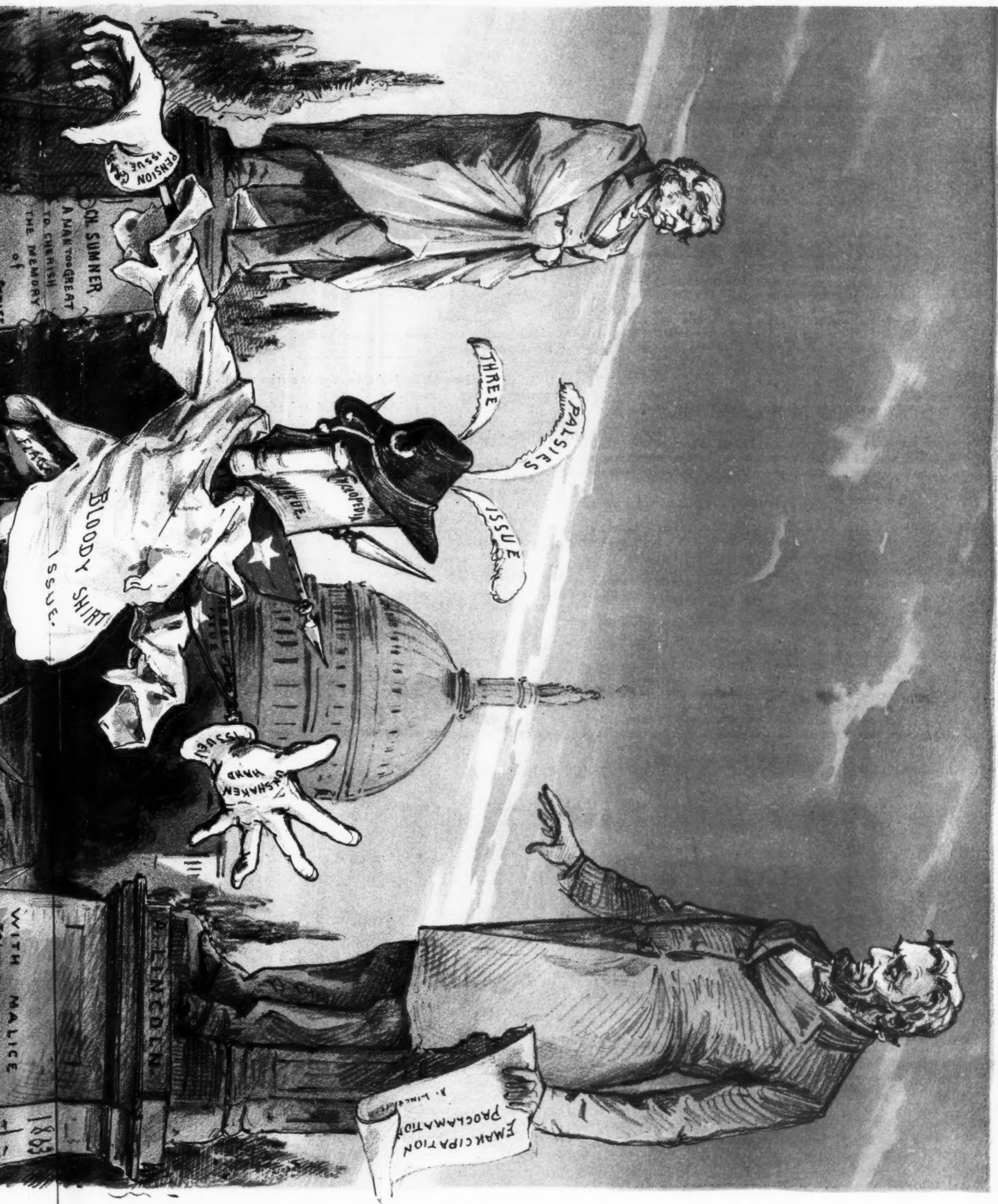
"Don't care if I do," coincided the Judge—and they saw.



THE IDEALS OF 1863 AND THE IDOL OF 1887—THE DECADENCE OF A GREAT PARTY.

J. O'DONNELL, 1887





## HEREDITY EXEMPLIFIED.



I AM SURE that heredity is not a fable,  
For I have a daughter and son,  
And so, from my own observation, am able  
To state what heredity 's done.

The style of my Marie, in toilette so tasteful,  
With wit that so sparkles and foams,  
A musical ear, and a carriage so graceful—  
She inherits all that from the Holmes.

My Harry, with face that refinement expresses,  
With a head that is teeming with tomes,  
Whose judgement extends unto bonnets and  
dresses—

Those talents all come from the Holmes.

Then Marie 's near-sighted, and cross as the dickens!—  
She takes after Henry's mama;  
And Harry he lisps, and he walks like the chickens!—  
He takes after Henry's papa.

All virtue and merit, 'tis plain they inherit  
From their mother's own people, the Holmes;  
And all of discredit—how often I've said it—  
From their father's own people, the Combes.

*Fannie Windsor.*

## A NEW MEMORY SYSTEM.

WE HAVE JUST been reading with great pleasure an account of a recently discovered method of restoring the memory, and of teaching people who have poor memories to improve them to such an extent that they can learn a book in a single reading.

If this method is half as good as it appears to be, it should certainly become popular.

The Republican party would certainly be benefited by a course, because it is not likely that it would nominate Blaine in '88 if its memory could be sufficiently refreshed to make it aware of the fact that it once nominated Lincoln.

A course would also be beneficial to a great many people who shine in society to-day, as it would keep them in the possession of the knowledge of what they were two or three years ago.

It would also be a great boon to railroad officials, as it would enable them to tell travelers the time at which trains arrive and leave, an art in which they are at present woefully deficient.

After five or six lessons the average married man would become so proficient that he would not forget to post the letter, handed him by his wife, inside of a week. And his memory would be so good that he could tell her on returning home just what some other woman had on.

Soldiers of the rebellion might, by this system, gain a clearer knowledge of what really took place, and have their accounts agree once out of ten or twenty times.

## A FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.



When a boy puts on his first pair of trousers, he then becomes a six-button kid.

This method would, no doubt, be of great service to men who forget to pay back borrowed money.

A small boy might, by the aforementioned method, be able to remember the day of the circus, and the head of the family would remember to wind the clock before getting into bed. The flute-player across the way could also be taught to remember the notes and time of "White Wings" sufficiently to render it unmurdered.

The memory of the waiter could be improved so that he would not bring you veal-pie and coffee when you order mutton chops and English breakfast tea.

All mechanics who work by the day should take a course, so that when the one o'clock whistle blows they may remember it is a signal to resume work, and not fancy the whistle is merely clearing its throat.

It would also enable many people to remember a kindness as keenly as a burned cat remembers the fire.

## A REFLECTION.

DEAR LITTLE MOTHS; poor, tender, drowning things  
That flutter in the basin 'neath my lamp;  
Your dying throes with pain my bosom wrings;  
I hate to see your little wings so damp.  
Yet, should I save you, you 'd ungrateful be.  
Within the future I must look, you see;  
For, if you lived, I 'd know far deeper woes,  
When looking on my chewed-up winter-clothes.

*Maude A. Andrews.*

## A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.



MAN (who has "called").—Look here, boy; if you'll deliver this letter, and bring back an answer in fifteen minutes, I'll present you with this dime-novel, "Earthquake Ed.; the Young Blood-Wader of the Far West!"



Intense excitement was caused this morning by the spectacle of a messenger boy running down Broadway at a rate of speed never before known in the history of the messenger service. Our reporters have not yet been able to learn the cause of this unheard-of performance.—*Evening Paper.*



# DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY

PROGRESS AND POVERTY—George and McGlynn.

A GOOD PLAY—"Hamlet."

PASSING STRANGE—Shoving the Queer.

A THING THAT GROWS ON YOU—A Wen.

A FRIENDLY GLASS—The Pretty Girl's Mirror.

A PAIR OF KIDS—Twins.

A FALSE FRONT—The Unfaithful Hotel-Boy.

PINNED DOWN—The Butterfly.

A SWINGING SIGN—The Conviction of a Murderer.

UNDER MOST—The Socialists.

FOUND FLOATING—Pond Lilies.

A BIG THING ON ICE—The Price.

ON PINS AND NEEDLES—The Dry-Goods Clerk.

WELL-TO-DO—Advertise.

AMONG THE MISSING—A Poor Marksman.

HOME, SUITE HOME—A Harlem Flat.

A RAILROAD HORROR—The Train-Boy.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE—That of Your Nose.

A BAD SCAPE—The ten-cent shave.

A PAWNEE—One Who Pawns Any Thing.

OVER MUCH—More and Most.

ON THE ELEVATED ROAD—From Cocktail No. 3 to Whiskey-sour No. 7.

JUDGE RUGER, of Albany—or somewhere or other—has "grave doubts" of the soundness of Judge Barrett's law. [This stands all by itself, and takes the cake and the sweepstakes as our prize puckering.]

IF MR. DANA worked as hard for his paper as he does for his Cyclopædia, he might increase its circulation.

IT IS understood that the members of the New York Base-ball Club will enter the District Telegraph Messenger service.

ANENT THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS: Miss Nina Van Zandt, who now claims to be a wife by proxy, stands a pretty good show of becoming a widow by the 11th proximo.

ON THE RAILROAD of Life, the sweet-sixteen train should have the right of way.

THERE ARE NO rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.

RIDER HAGGARD's new story about the "Three Lions" will, in all probability, create a furore.

## A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

I WOULD HAVE all men live in peace,  
Each man respect his brother man;  
All lying, thieving, cheating cease,  
And the whole world live on a sweeter plan.

No more the rich should grind the poor;  
No more the strong oppress the weak;  
No homeless man be turned from door,  
No sickness blanch the rosy cheek.

For this I'd give the house I rent,  
My Cape May diamonds, and my call  
To be our next great President—  
My wife's relations, and my all.

On one lone privilege I insist:  
'Tis this, the right, should any dare  
My slightest purpose to resist,  
To pulverize him then and there.

*Algernon Bolivar de Todd.*

## HARDLY THE ONE.



BUTLER.—Well, what his hit, me man?

STRANGER.—De dame wot lives here put a piece in der paper dat she'd lost a ki-yi!

BUTLER.—'Ave you found the dog? 'e was a Blenheim spaniel!



STRANGER.—Is dis der purp?



# FRED: \* \* BROWN'S GINGER

Used on flannel instead of  
a Mustard Plaster,

WILL redden the skin, but

WILL not blister.

*Fred K Brown  
Philadelphia  
Pa*



# GUIDE good to HEALTH

is the title of a pamphlet, the perusal of which can be warmly recommended to all invalids. Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and suitable for his particular complaint, should at once procure this little work, which is based on twenty years' experience. It will be sent gratis on application to Dr. RICHTER'S Publish. Office, 810, Broadway, NEW YORK, or 1, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London E.C.

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### THE REASON WHY.

"So you've just got back from California?"  
said one man to another.

"Yes."

"Have a good time?"

"First rate. I went all over the state, I guess."

"Did you strike San Pedro?"

"Well, no, not that I remember. You see, the other fellows would n't play anything but seven up."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Why did you leave your last place?" was asked of an applicant for a berth as driver.

"Well, sir," was the reply: "the coal dealers I was wid said I was too expinsive for thim, becase I'm only 112 pounds, and when I was weighed in wid the load they had to give 1,888 pounds to the ton. So they've got a new man as is 280 pounds, and now they only have to send out 1,720."—*Wagon Maker.*

You can not sing the old songs you say! Never mind, my boy! Many there are who can sing them, and who insist upon doing so, over and over again, only to fill the human heart with bitterness and make mankind weary.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A famous physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors. 44b

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"Well, they commenced on a weekly, then they grew to a tri-weekly; the next change was to a semi-weekly; still later we were favored with an evening edition, and now it has progressed to both a morning and an evening issue."

—Chicago Sunday National.

PURCHASER.—The game law only went into effect yesterday. How is it you have such a heavy supply of birds on hand?

DEALER.—Been keeping them on ice for the last three months.—Exchange.

It would be a good idea for Northern baseball players to come South in the winter if they could bring their audiences with them.—N. O. Picayune.



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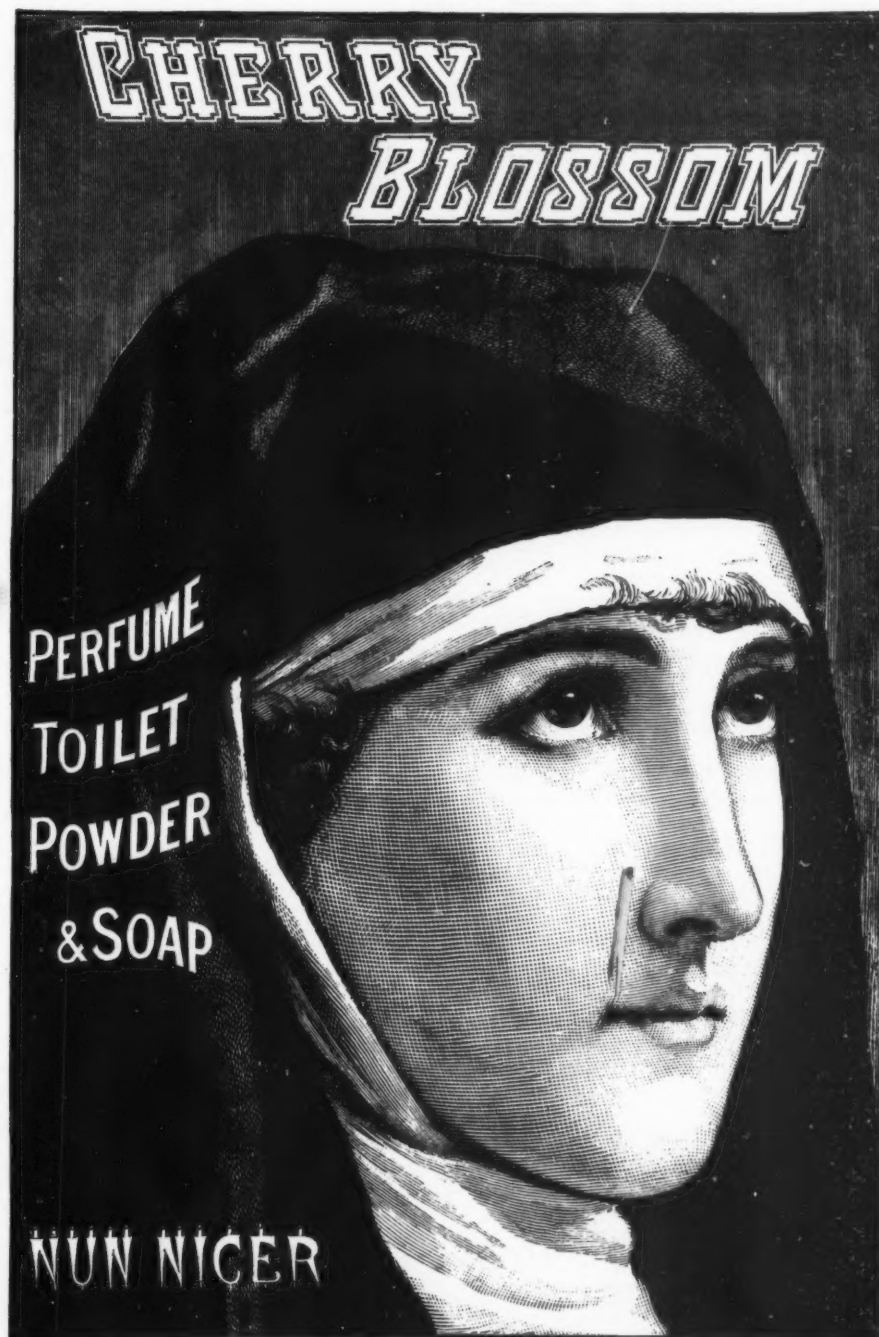
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"My dear," said a gushing young wife to her  
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ing October winds remind you of?"

"They remind me of the fact," he replied,  
somewhat sadly: "that I have got to arrange in  
some way for a winter's stock of coal."—Har-  
per's Bazar.

THERE are some men who are always aching  
for a chance to climb all day up a mountain side,  
just for the sake of saying they have stood on  
the top. Why can't they lie and say they have  
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ten-pound pickerel when they never got a bite,  
unless from a mosquito.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s  
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**CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.**

An Interesting Comparison of  
**THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.**

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the  
world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of  
the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of  
investigation and comment for every traveler that has  
visited and written of those States. Many have gone be-  
hind the commercial feature of the industry, and have  
found in the production, fostered and protected as it is  
by the Government, a solution of the stability of the  
people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under  
the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neigh-  
bors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the  
nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the conse-  
quences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their  
colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the pro-  
duct in Germany and Austria has just been received here.  
According to this report, the output of the six leading  
breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the  
following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.).	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna.	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich.	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna.	239,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich.	236,960
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna.	170,764

**Total, 1,670,564.**

There are innumerable small establishments, but these  
six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

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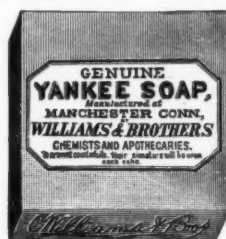
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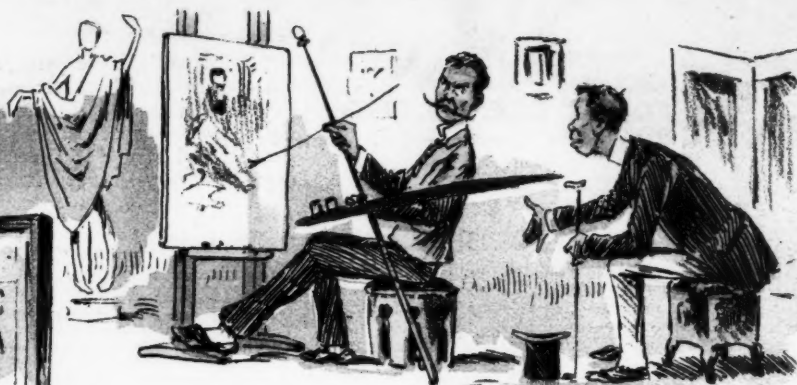
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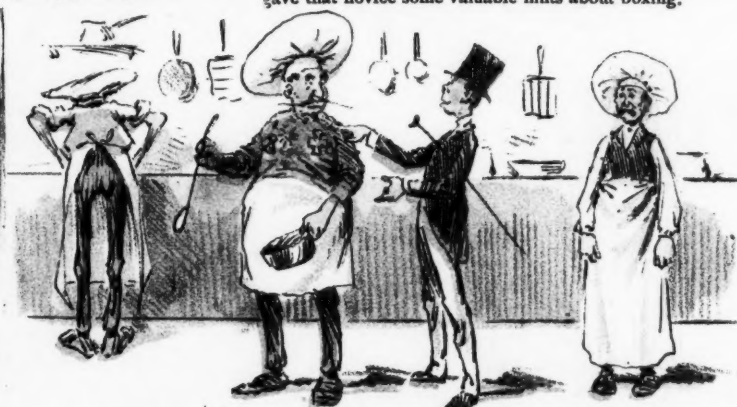
When he had a few minutes to spare, he often dropped in and told his druggist how to put up prescriptions.



He was introduced to John L. Sullivan one day, and gave that novice some valuable hints about boxing.



When he visited his uncle in the country he would spend hours instructing the old man how to manage the farm.



He frequently went down into the kitchen of Delmonico's restaurant to give a few lessons to the chief cook.



But one day he was taken in by a bunco-man and lost all the money he had in the world, and then everybody took a holiday and rejoiced.